

BRIGHT, JOHN

DRAWER 10B

REFORMER

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Abraham Lincoln and Reformers

John Bright

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sources

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would fling away and scream and scream and scream, wuss than that nighthawk a-flying over now, and the nigger woman would eat it up.

"Nick and I reckoned the old man laid our ill-luck to that gal being drove crazy with seeing her brother killed, and the rest on't, though nobody had laid a finger on her, nor yet done nothing to harm her nor her servant neither; but that screeching did seem to call up foul weather and all sorts of devilment, and I don't know as I blame the old man for taking it to heart and trying to get her calmed down.

"Then, ag'in, the first officer had got hurt in the scrimmage when the hands broke open the liquor-room, and couldn't have the use of his eyes all along of a bottle being broke over 'em, and I reckon some glass got into 'em; and the second officer took to drink, and nobody tried to work the ship, only just case her off when the gale struck her, and put her before it when it lulled; so when, about eight bells in that December night, she just lifted on the crest of a big roller, and then plunged bows on between two horns of a reef, there wa'n't a man aboard that knoved 'twas Boone

Island; no, nor ever heard of such a place, for there wa'n't no light, nor there wa'n't no humans, nor even so much as a Feledelfy lawyer aboard the whole place. I don't suppose any of you was ever a board a craft grinding to pieces on a reef, with a heavy sea on, and a half-gale from the nor'east a-driving her right into the jaws of death, and the air so full of snow and frozen spray that you couldn't keep your eyes peeled. No, I don't suppose none of you was ever there; but I was, yes, I was there, and I know just what it means. Crack went the masts, one, two and three, and the rigging and the canvas all down on deck, winding us up as they wind a dead man afore they tilt him overboard; and the wind a-howling and a-shrieking in the cordage, and the crazy girl below shrieking and laughing—yes, laughing like a very devil—till it seemed to me I could see old Horns-and-Hoofs a-climbing up out of the porthole of her cabin, and fetching that laugh up along with him.

"'Every man for himself!' was the cry, and half the hands dove off bows or stern, and split their skulls on the spurs of that murdering reef.

"Me and two or three more waited to chop out some lengths of spar from the hamper on deck, and make fast some lines to belay ourselves to; and while we was busy I heard a kind of smothered screech, and up the companionway came the old man, carrying the girl, all tied up in a tarpaulin, and her head muffled in a shawl.

"The poor nigger came staggering along behind with a couple of boxes, and I found, later on, the cap'n, to try to please the crazy girl, had given her all the diamonds and other stones to play with, and the blacky had froze to them and so got them ashore, for they both was saved, while many a stout hand went under. The old man saw what we was up to with the spars and lines, and he just

shoved one fellow out of the way, and took his raft for the girl and found another for himself; and one of our chaps, a soft, Tommy sort of a fellow, he looked out for the nigger woman, and I looked out for myself, and so we all came ashore—the nigger drowned, but all the rest of us with the last gasp left in us and no more.

"Nine men and that one crazy girl was the count next morning, and the *Syrene* a clean wreck, washing out to sea with the ebb tide, and the beach strewn with gold pesas, doubloons, and bars of bullion wedged in among the teeth of the reef, and not a biscuit, nor even an ounce of salt junk nor one of the cabin-stores, except a pot of some kind of sweet stuff that the old man tried to hide away for the girl; but some of us rapped him over the head and got it away, and 'twas gone before we'd fairly touched it. Then came the starving time, and I reckon it would be harder to bring that home to your minds than even the wreck of the *Syrene*.

"The first day wa'n't so bad, and we all cruised up and down and about the island looking for some kind o' vittles, no matter what, and fain to fill our poor bellies with snow for want of meat.

We picked up lots of the gold, too, and stowed it away where it won't never be found till the *Syrene* gathers her bones from off that reef, and sails the seas again with all her bully boys aboard.

"The old man he buried the nigger woman, or, to put it on an even keel, he dragged her into a hollow between two big rocks and piled stones upon her till she was safe out of sight and reach; and while he did it the crazy girl sat and looked on, and stopped her screeching and begun to sing.

"At first it was like calm weather after a storm, and we all felt as if the curse was lifted; but, after a

while, that strange, wild singing was almost worse than the screeching, and when it kept on, and kept on till black night fell, and all night long it mixed in with the screams of the night-birds and the wailing of the wind and the hiss of the surf breaking over the wreck of the *Syrene*, I, for one, began to feel as if 'twas I was going loony, and not the girl.

"Just about six bells in the morning watch we heard a pistol-shot, and the mad girl bursting out a-lanthing, just as she did when the *Syrene* struck. I got up and went over to her with my knife in my hand, for I'd got all I could stagger under, and as for having Old Nick a-lanthing at me through her throat, I wa'n't a-going to stand it. But before I came to her, where she sat on her nurse's grave, I stumbled and fell derv the old man, where he lay dead; and yes, stone dead already, though the blood was still a-running from a bullet-hole through his heart. Whether he had shot himself, or whether that devil had shot him, we couldn't tell, for the pistol lay so that he could have dropped it, or she could either. Anyway, he was dead, and eight men were starving."

"For God's sake, men, be silent!" exclaimed Noble, excitedly, and then Harry Murray quietly rose and went



JOHN BRIGHT.—SEE PAGE 568.

below. The monotonous, weary voice went steadily on, and the two girls shivered closer to each other, yet could not choose but listen.

"All that day I looked for the girl to kill her, as she had killed our captain; but she hid from me somewhere on that lonesome island, and [when morning broke again she lay dead just over where we had hid the gold and jewels.] Yes, she'd dragged herself there to die, so that the curse might cling to that treasure that we'd bought so dear, and we shouldn't get the good of it even if one of us got away.

"Well, mates, we didn't touch her. There wasn't a man among the eight of us but had risked his life again and again, and laughed in the face of death by sea, or fight, or danger, or any human kind you like to name; but there was not a man of us that would have put a finger on that girl's dead body, as she lay there with her black eyes wide open and the lips drawn away from her white teeth as if she had died laughing at us. We just picked up stones and piled them on her, and we never stopped till we'd heaved a great rock on top of all, and mounded it up so that nobody would think 'twas ever any other way; and every night she comes and sits on top of that heap of stones and sings, and sings, and sings, till she sings up a storm."

"Sits there now?" gasped Winifred.

"They all died, one by one, till I was left all alone with her; and when each man died she laughed all night long, and when she didn't laugh nor sing, she screeched; and she and Philip Babb will keep company there until the *Siren* gathers her bones from off that reef, and sails the seas again with all her bully boys aboard."

"Who is Philip Babb?" asked Winifred, in a quavering voice.

"Who's frightening you with stories of Philip Babb?" demanded the captain's cheery and imperious voice, as he came aft, followed by Mr. Murray, who had disturbed him from a game of cards with some of his passengers. "Who's talking of Philip Babb?" asked he again, as, having reached the little group and receiving no answer, he stood peering around the deck.

"The fellow's behind that sail, sir," replied Murray, and as the captain, stepping aft, looked around the leach of the great mainsail, Murray ran forward, exclaiming: "He'll get away, forward."

But the strip of deck between the sail and the bulwark was absolutely empty, and captain and passengers, advancing on either side, met in the centre in blank dismay.

"How did he look?" asked the captain, in a low voice, as he stared into the young man's face.

"An elderly seafaring man, black eyes and gray hair, dressed in a striped butcher's frock, with a leathern belt and a sheath-knife."

"Which he flourished in your face?"

"Yes, once. How did you know?"

"Never you mind, and get those girls off the deck and off the subject as quick as you can."

"Why so, captain?"

"Never you mind, young man."

"Oh, captain!" broke in Winifred Lovering's sweet voice. "who is that awfully queer old man? and who was Philip Babb? and is he alive or dead?"

"Philip Babb, Miss Lovering? I have not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance, and you mustn't let our old salts spin their sea-yarns on the quarter-deck. Come, young ladies, we are waiting for you to give us a little music in the cabin before supper at ten o'clock."

"But, captain, I insist upon a direct answer to my

question," persisted Murray, as he detained the captain for a moment behind the rest of the party.

"And I refuse to give you any answer, Mr. Murray," replied the officer, with dignity. "I am not a superstitious man; but neither am I foolhardy one, and I refuse to mention that name, or tell that story, while I sail these waters. It's bad luck, and the worst of bad luck, and I'm sorry all through for what you've seen and what you've heard, and that's all I have to say. So come along down, and let us have some good old sacred music from those innocent girls."

MORT AU CHAMP D'HONNEUR.

By H. T. R.

THE Austrian has stolen on us, our men are scattered wide—ill for France if he win yon fort where the hills divide; Much were the gain if we held it but for a day and night. "De mine," said Latour d'Auvergne, "to warn them and aid the fight."

Horror and shame! Their arms were there, the cowards were gone:

Grimly he set his face; short time, and much to be done. Loopholes were cut, gates barred, the muskets lashed in a row, The Tricolor flung to the breeze, and then—to wait for the foe. So quick and true his aim, and so fast the Austrians fall, That the path is choked with their dead, and at eve they sound the recall.

With morn came a flag of truce: "Yield, for our cannon are here, Or we breach your wall." "In two hours' time if no help be near."

So the day and night had been gained, and staggering under the weight

Of twenty muskets, a weary soldier steps from the gate.

"Single against a host! By heaven! 'twas nobly done."

Men, bear for him the guns, his burden the flag alone."

"Rank for this man," said Napoleon. "Nay, General." "Well, if you will,

First Grenadier of France, be a simple Captain still."

So with no selfish aim, for France with heart and hand.

Bravest where all were brave, he fought in many a land.

His no ruffian thirst for blood, for plunder, or pay;

First in the charge, his duty done, he would turn away.

Nature he loved, and she to him had revealed her lore;

Loved to ponder the problems of life with the sages of yore;

Till the death-order came, and a glorious life to crown

He fell with his wounds in front, and smilled the death-pang down.

How shall they honor him dead who in life held cheap what men prize?

Titles and crosses he spurned. Said one: "On the spot where he lies

Dig him a soldier's grave; let our flag be round him laid;

But for his heart from our pay shall a silver casket be made;

There we will shrine its dust, and his spirit shall lead us yet."

Added the Master of soldiers' heart: "And when ye're met,

First, as in life, on the muster-roll ye shall call his name,

And his oldest comrade answer, 'Dead on the field of fame.'"

Morn by morn it was heard, and Austrian and Russian reled,

Where those veterans swept to the front, kings of the battlefield;

Morn by morn it was heard, till the Bourbon came, and the time

When to have fought for Napoleon and France was hold a crime.

Never did nobler service nobler guardion earn:

High in the roll of heroes, place for Latour d'Auvergne!

JOHN BRIGHT AND HIS WORK.

By NOEL RUTHVEN.

THE first time I had the keen and exquisite pleasure of hearing John Bright speak was at a public banquet given to him in the spacious round-room of the Rotunda, Dublin, whose walls had echoed the burning eloquence of Henry Grattan and the thunderous impeachments of Daniel O'Connell. That I was held in speechless ecstasy

at the Great Tribune's eloquence goes without saying, and as I write the glamour of his noble periods still holds me.

The next time I listened to him was in the House of Commons, when he was "going for" Benjamin Disraeli, the latter attired in his favorite velvet jacket, his legs crossed, his arms crossed, and his hat over his eyes, apparently enjoying a siesta; but when Bright would occasionally give one of his big guns, the Juggler of the Jingles would start as if stuck by a pin.

John Bright's noble bearing is immensely in his favor; and especially when standing at the table which separates the Government from the Opposition in St. Stephen's, he is, to my thinking, a very striking and characteristic picture.

The Right Honorable John Bright was born at Greenbank—then near, but now within, the town of Rochdale, in Lancashire—on the 16th of November, 1811. The Bright family originally came from Wiltshire, where their ancestors were living at "Bright's Farm," near the village of Lyneham, in the year 1684. They were all members of the Society of Friends. Mr. Jacob Bright, Sr., settled down at Rochdale in the beginning of the present century, and, having lost his first wife, married Miss Martha Wood, the daughter of a tradesman at Bolton-le-Moors. By her he had ten children, four of whom still survive, the subject of this sketch being the eldest.

Having received the rudiments of a substantial English education, the future politician entered his father's business, and became a member of the firm of John Bright & Brothers, cotton spinners and manufacturers, of Rochdale. While still young he displayed a great taste for politics, and before he was twenty began to address local audiences on various topics connected with social reform. On coming of age he made a tour on the Continent, and on his return assisted in the formation of a literary society at Rochdale, before which he frequently spoke, thus developing that rare facility of expression and command of pure, forcible English which have since made him one of the most eminent orators of the day. While evincing the shrewdness and sagacity of a thorough business man, he did not neglect the cultivation of his mind. He studied history, read poetry, and expanded his keen natural powers of observation. In 1836 he went by sea to the Levant, visiting Palestine, Egypt and Greece, and on returning to his native town delivered a series of brilliant lectures descriptive of his travels.

Mr. Bright now came prominently forward as a public man, and soon attained celebrity as a platform speaker. Although he had taken an active part in the long agitation which preceded the Reform Act of 1832, it was not until 1839 that he first distinguished himself as a politician, by becoming one of the earliest and most ardent members of the Anti-Corn Law League, which grew out of an association, formed the year previously, to obtain the repeal of the Corn Laws.

His first candidature was at a bye-election in April, 1843, when he contested the City of Durham against Viscount Dungannon, eldest son of the Earl of Bersborough, a Tory and Protectionist. He was defeated, however, by a large majority; but, as good luck would have it, Lord Dungannon was shortly afterward unseated on petition, and at the new election, which took place in the following July, Mr. Bright was returned by 488 votes against 410 polled for his opponent, Mr. Purvis. The election created intense excitement throughout the country, on account of Mr. Bright's advanced views. His maiden speech in the House of Commons was delivered

on August 7th, and was in advocacy of Mr. Ewart's motion for extending the principles of Free Trade.

At all times an animated and effective speaker, Mr. Bright was now more eloquent than ever in his opposition to the Corn Laws. In 1845 he obtained the appointment of a select committee of the House of Commons on the Game Laws, and another on the subject of cotton cultivation in India. An abridgment of the testimony taken before the former, and published in one volume, contained from his pen an "Address to the Tenant Farmers of Great Britain," strongly condemning the existing Game Laws.

The story of "The Battle of the League" is a chapter of English history with which Mr. Bright's name must ever be associated almost as closely as that of Mr. Cobden. The year 1846 saw the great struggle ended by the conversion of Sir Robert Peel, and the consequent attainment of the objects sought for by the Leaguers.

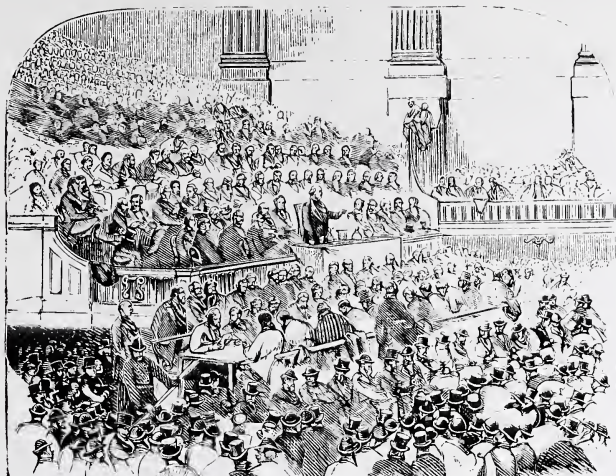
From then on to 1852, Mr. Bright was zealously engaged in the cause of Free Trade, in advocating various reforms, and in endeavors to promote such movements as seemed calculated to secure the elevation and advancement of the people.

In July, 1847, he was returned for Manchester; and during the interval between his election and the accession of the first Derby Ministry to power, his activity in Parliament and on the platform was varied and continuous. In the House of Commons he advocated the application of Free Trade as a sure remedy for the state of things that had brought about the Irish famine. At this time, also, he proposed the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, which Mr. Gladstone was to carry out twenty years after, and in various other ways sought to promote reform in the administration of Ireland. He also devoted a great deal of study to the Indian question, and appealed unsuccessfully for the dispatch of a Royal Commission to India to inquire into the condition of cotton-growing there. In 1849 he was appointed a member of the celebrated committee of the House of Commons to examine official salaries.

Both in the Parliament and in the provinces he co-operated warmly with Mr. Cobden in the movements which the latter sought to create in favor of financial reform, and strenuously urged reduction of the forces. Taxes on knowledge, and all restraints on the liberty of the press, were now, as ever, hotly combated by Mr. Bright. He fought hard, too, for the removal of Jewish and Catholic disabilities, and strongly opposed Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Act. In 1851 he voted with those who attempted to censure Lord Palmerston on the Pacifico affair, and in the following year took a prominent part in the welcome given to Kossuth by the advanced Liberals of Lancashire, and defended him from aspersion in the House of Commons.

Mr. Bright was now the acknowledged leader of the "Manchester School of Politicians"—a name coined in derision by his opponents, but accepted by him as a title of honor. On the formation of the first Derby Administration, in February, 1852, he aided in the temporary reorganization of the Anti-Corn Law League, which the acceptance of Free Trade by the new Government afterward rendered unnecessary, and at the general election which followed was re-elected for Manchester, but not without a hot contest.

With the accession of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry to power began the discussion of the Eastern question, his share in which alienated from Mr. Bright many of his former followers. As a member of the Peace Society, he strenuously opposed the war with Russia, and was one of



JOHN BRIGHT ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE OF BIRMINGHAM IN 1870.

the meeting of the Society of Friends by which a deputation was sent to the Emperor Nicholas to urge upon him the maintenance of peace. Energetically did he denounce the policy which led to the Crimean War, nor ceased to protest against it whilst that struggle lasted, although in his protest he stood practically alone. In 1854, while the war was in progress, he delivered in the House of Commons one of the most memorable of his speeches, from the peroration of which I cite a few lines, in illustration of his views on so important a subject: "It is very easy for the noble lord, the Member for Tiverton, to rise and say that I am against war under all circumstances; and that, if an enemy were to land on our shores, I should make a calculation as to whether it would be cheaper to take him in or to keep him out; and that my opinion on this question is not to be considered, either by Parliament or by the country. I am not afraid of discussing the war with the noble lord on his own principles. I understand the Blue-books as well as he; and, leaving out all fantastic and visionary notions about what will become of us if something is not done to destroy or to cripple Russia, I say—and I say it with as much confidence as I ever said anything in my life—that the war cannot be justified out of these documents; and that impartial history will teach this to posterity, if we do not comprehend it now. I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day, that I am not sure that a pure and honorable ambition

would aspire to it. I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble lords, the honors and emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire, representing, feebly perhaps, but honestly I dare aver, the opinions of very many and the true interests of all those who have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, and of this incapable and guilty Administration. And even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice, raised amid the din of arms and the clamors of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night—and which, I trust, will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation, that no

word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood."

There were some then, there are many more now, who, however fundamentally opposed they might be to many of Mr. Bright's views, could not withhold their admiration for his sturdy, uncompromising independence—an independence he has consistently maintained through life, toward great and small, ministers and people alike, unmoved by blandishment and careless of disdain.

The year 1856, which witnessed the close of the war with Russia, found Mr. Bright disabled by ill-health, and obliged to withdraw for a time to the Continent; and the news of Lord Palmerston's defeat on the Canton question reached him while in Italy, in March, 1857. Although he had taken no personal part in the debate

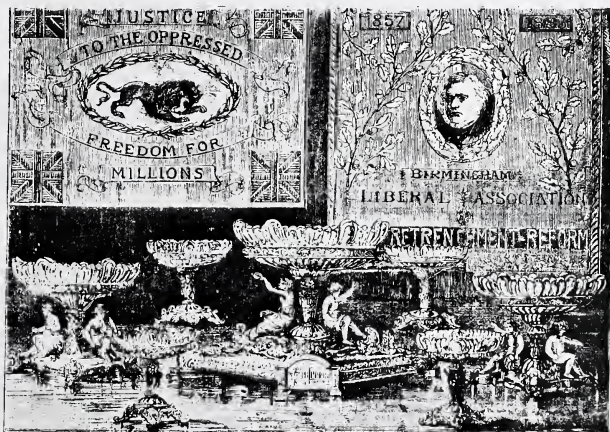


PLATE PRESENTED TO JOHN BRIGHT BY THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM.



JOHN BRIGHT CONGRATULATED ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

or division that obliged Lord Palmerston to appeal to the country, yet he expressed his entire approval of the vote of censure which had been proposed by Mr. Cobden and seconded by Mr. Milner-Gibson. At the general election that ensued, both Mr. Bright and his colleague, Mr. Milner-Gibson, were rejected at Manchester by large majorities; but shortly afterward the death of Mr. Muntz caused a vacancy in the representation of Birmingham, and Mr. Bright was invited to become a candidate. He was elected in August, 1857, and has sat for that constituency up to the present time—over thirty-one years.

After 1857, Mr. Bright's name became mainly identified with a scheme for the reform of the electoral representation by a wide extension of the suffrage, and a more equal distribution of the seats with regard to population, and alterations in the law of entail. During the momentous period of the Sepoy mutiny in India, he protested continually and energetically against a perpetuation of "the rule of the sword" in that country. He also inveighed against the system of the Honorable East India Company, and urged the Government to look its Indian responsibilities in the face, with what result all the world knows. He was a fervent and uncompromising advocate of the North during the Civil War in this country, and some of the most eloquent speeches he ever delivered were in favor of the abolition of slavery.

On April 2d, 1865, Mr. Bright sustained a severe loss in the death of his old colleague, Richard Cobden, so aptly designated "The Apostle of Free Trade"; and in after years, while speaking at Bradford (July 25th, 1877), took occasion to eulogize his former co-laborer in the following words: "There is not a homestead in the country in which there is not added comfort from his labors, not a house the dwellers in which have not steadier employment, higher wages, and a more solid independence. This is an enduring monument. He worked for these great purposes, and he worked, as it might be said, even almost

to the very day when the lamp of life went out. He is gone, but his character, his deeds, his life, his example, remain a possession to us, his countrymen, and for generations to come. As long as the great men of England are spoken of in the English language, let it be said of him, that Richard Cobden gave the labors of a life that he might confer upon his countrymen perfect freedom of industry, and with it its attendant blessings of plenty and peace."

In the Autumn of 1866, Mr. Bright visited Ireland, where he received a *cíad míllo fuilidh*, and was entertained at a great banquet on October 30th, on an invitation signed by some twenty-five Irish Liberal Members of Parliament. It was on this occasion that I heard the speech to which I have already alluded in the opening of this article. On November 30th of the same year, he was presented with the freedom of the City of Edinburgh, and in the following month accepted office under Mr. Gladstone as President of the Board of Trade; but ill-health subsequently compelled him to relinquish this office, and he retired from the Ministry in December, 1870. His health having been partially restored during the next three years, he was, in August, 1873, appointed to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet, and he held this position until the fall of the Government, in February, 1874. The next six years, when the Tories were in office, found him less prominent in debate than formerly; but when Mr. Gladstone returned to power, in May, 1880, he again became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but resigned on the 17th of July, 1882, announcing in the House of Commons that he had retired from the Cabinet in consequence of the Government's Egyptian policy, stigmatizing



JOHN BRIGHT AT THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE.

the bombardment of Alexandria, then determined upon, as a violation of the moral law. In November, 1880, he had been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

When, in the Spring of 1888, Mr. Gladstone adopted the Parnellite views and brought forward his Home Rule Bill, Mr. Bright denounced the measure in most scathing terms, and did much to insure its rejection. Since then his firm attitude and his unwavering support have contributed largely to the success of the Unionist cause, and more votes were probably lost to Mr. Gladstone by "The Tribune's" great speech at Birmingham than by all the other arguments against Home Rule put together. Mr. Bright has done so much for Ireland in days gone by that he has never been able to understand her continued dissatisfaction, and there is a shade of "provinciality" about him which makes him regard the refusal of such excellently intended English specifics as a mere case of perverse ingratitude.

Mr. Bright has been twice married—first, in 1839, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who died two years afterward, leaving him an only daughter; and secondly, in 1847, to Margaret Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. William Leatham, of Wakefield, Yorkshire, by whom—who died in May, 1878—he has had seven children. His eldest son, Mr. William Leatham Bright, is Member of Parliament for the Stoke-on-Trent Division of Staffordshire.

The time has long gone by since John Bright's name was a party bugbear. English people of all shades of opinion have at length learned to know and respect the man whose motto—"Be just and fear not"—has been the guiding motive of his life. Whatever view we may take of his individual opinions, we cannot but acknowledge the absolute rectitude of his purpose. His political career has been one long struggle for the overthrow of what he has deemed to be fallacies and disabilities, for the righting of wrong, for the resistance of oppression and evil, and for the elevation of the people. Not among the least noble of exemplars for English youth is that comprised in the character and life-work of "plain John Bright."

SOME ANIMALS OF THE ROCKIES.

By F. M. ENDLICH.

CONTRARY to the admonition which is liberally vouchsafed to most small children, that they "should be seen, but not heard," the lion of the Rocky Mountains is very frequently heard, but rarely seen.

Before the character of this animal was as fully established as it now is, all sorts of rumors and reports concerning it were accepted in blind faith. It is, essentially, the South American puma, a cat of very formidable dimensions. Some of the big "panthers" which our forefathers in Eastern States had to deal with may have been closely allied to this lion, if descriptions can be depended upon. Of a tawny to yellow-brown color, light throat and belly, the animal shows a litho and graceful body, grows to a considerable size, and combines great muscular strength with its effective weapons of attack and defense. The muscles of the jaws and neck are particularly well developed, and enable the lion to carry a good-sized deer in his mouth, lifting it high enough to avoid its trailing on the ground.

One day our hunter had killed a black-tail out of a small band, and had laid it across the trunk of an inclined tree, at a sufficient height to prevent coyotes from

disturbing it. Meanwhile, he followed the remainder of the band. Returning, after several hours, he was surprised to see a very large mountain-lion slowly crawling up the tree toward the carcass of his game. A well-aimed shot spoiled his appetite for venison and brought him to the ground, kicking, clawing, spitting, and showing fight to the last moment of his life.

It is unusual, however, that a lion can be gotten hold of with so little trouble. He is very sly, keen of eye and ear, less so of scent, but rarely leaves his home in the daytime, unless for the purpose of capturing large game. He knows all the trails of deer and elk, and the daily hours for their passing given points. Crouching, flat on his belly, on some advantageously located rock—less frequently on trees, for the prevalent pines of our Western forests are not particularly suitable for this mode of warfare—he will patiently await the arrival of a troop of his victims. As they pass beneath his ambush, he springs down upon some fat doe with unerring aim, lands on her back, near the fore-shoulders, and quickly tears the jugular vein to suck her blood. The terrified animal may make a jump or two, but cannot shake off its destroyer, and soon drops dead, while its companions seek safety in flight. Either the lion will eat all he wants at once, leaving the balance for birds of prey and coyotes, or he will carry the carcass to his den.

At night he goes abroad, surprises what game he may want, and fills the air with disual howls. Many a time have we heard him, howling for hours at a time; but though we might traverse the adjoining forests with the utmost care next day, we never succeeded in finding the disturber of our slumbers. He will travel many miles at night, either following game upon which he has set his heart, or, as it seems, simply for exercise, and for the purpose of seeing that his domain is in good order.

The mountain-lion most frequently makes his home in some cave or rocky cleft, more rarely in dens, timber or brush. In leaving and approaching his den, he is always on the alert, and often discovers a carefully laid ambush from afar, then silently wanders off and allows his enemies to watch for him in vain. This method of surprising him is, however, the only one which is at all feasible, for it is next to an impossibility to surprise him abroad. Traps have but very slight attractions for him, so that a well-prepared ambush near his den is the only reliable resort. We have watched more than one night before some cave or other, but always in vain.

In one instance we were positive that the lion was inside; he had been seen going toward his home but a short time before, and his ingoing tracks were quite fresh, covering all others. As we presumed that he had gorged himself with a heavy meal before returning to his lair, and as we were uncertain as to whether the cave might not contain water, we came prepared for a long siege. Posted about twenty yards distant from the entrance, two of us religiously stood on guard, turn and turn about, for forty-eight hours. The nights were moonlit, while our position commanded enough ground to secure us good shots in case the lion should attempt to leave. When he made no sign, however, for so long a time, we began to suspect that something was wrong. A close examination of the neighborhood revealed the fact, sure enough, that the cave had a second, very small, outlet, some distance off, and well hidden in the brush. Fresh tracks leading from it showed that it had recently been utilized. For twenty-four hours, at least, had we guarded, in the strictest silence, even denying ourselves the comfort of a smoke, a large, empty hole.

Wary as the lion is, he can be outwitted by persever-

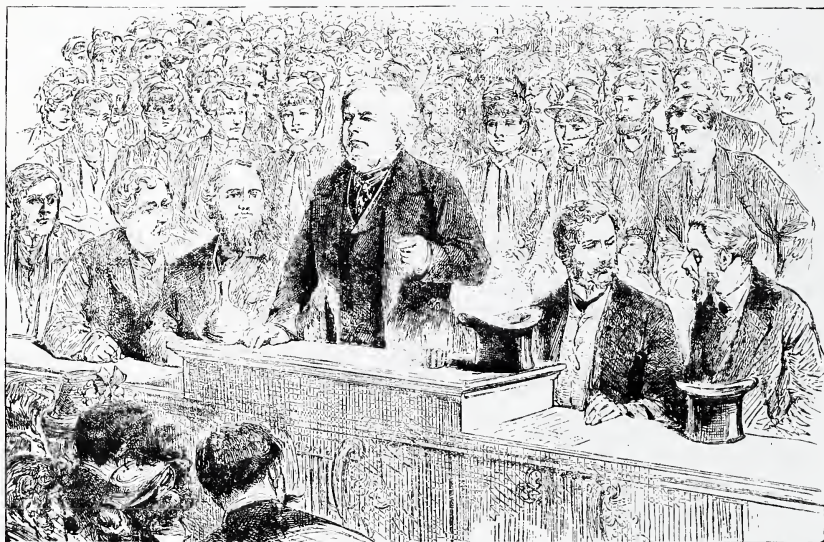
allow their being thrown across the latter, then they are felled so as to drop toward it, the branches are cut from the trunk, and this is divided into lengths of from five to eight feet. A vast amount of judgment is shown in all the details of these operations, and in the selection of material. The lengths of lumber are shoved, pushed, hauled and rolled until they reach the water, where they are floated and steered to the desired point. Numerous small branches are cut and carried into the water, to float to the dam, where they become water-logged and finally sink.

Mud and stones are also employed to fill up chinks and holes, and to weight down any portions of the structure which may require such precautions. *Débris*, carried down by the creek or river, finds lodgment at the dam, and before long the latter is perfectly tight and serviceable.

At all times, however, is this structure kept under

The bark and leaves of young trees form a staple and favorite article of food in the beaver household. Small trees and bushes, therefore, preferably quaking-aspen, young cottonwoods and willow, are cut down close to the ground, the branches are neatly trimmed off, and the trees cut into lengths of about one foot. All the stouter limbs are treated in the same way, and no available piece is wasted. The lengths are carried to the water, dropped or shoved in, and allowed to float until they become water-logged and sink. Subsequently they are stowed away under water, in the vicinity of the dwelling-house, and near the dam. Often the banks of the dam are entirely robbed of their trees for many yards from the water's edge, only the small stumps showing that vegetation recently existed there, and the chips indicating by whose agency it was removed.

The habitation of the beaver is usually located in the more shallow part of the dam, and consists in a house



JOHN BRIGHT ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS.—SEE PAGE 566.

close inspection, and repairs are made very promptly and with consummate skill. Every now and then some strengthening work is undertaken, so that, taking it altogether, the dam really grows stronger from year to year, rather than the reverse. I have seen more than one that would readily pass a small army without suffering the slightest injury. When everything is safe and solid, then the more ornamental work begins. Projecting pieces and branches are trimmed off wherever they might interfere, uneven places are leveled, and everything is made ship-shape. Although, of course, the majority of these dams are small, there are others which retain a tremendous volume of water. Reckless trapping has greatly decimated the beaver at most points, and the dams will not be kept in repair for many more years.

After a sufficient supply of water has been obtained by the completion of the dam, the second consideration lies in the acquirement and storage of suitable provisions.

comprising several stories, and which reaches for some distance above the level of the water. It is constructed of wood, mud and stones, like the dam, and cannot be entered except under water. Here all domestic matters are attended to, and a large portion of the food-supply is stored, the balance remaining in deep water. In order to prevent the flooding of this house, the main dam is generally provided with a sort of gate at one side, which is religiously kept clear of floating material.

In this moist colony the beaver families live happily—very timid, very easily frightened and quite harmless. Industrious they ply their trades as woodcutters, engineers and builders, busy during the entire open season. As cutting-tools, the long, sharp, orange-colored incisor teeth are used. The two together are about half an inch wide, very sharp and strong. With three or four bites a branch of about an inch in diameter (of quaking-aspen or willow) is severed. In this instance the cuts are all

Lincoln and Bright

In the memoirs of that peerless orator and friend of humanity, Hon. John Bright, I find recorded the following interesting item of admiration and attachment which President Lincoln entertained for England's greatest commoner, "The late Dr. Smith, the United State consul for Dundee, some years ago bequeathed to Mr. Bright a valuable gold-headed staff which had been used by President Lincoln at the White House. The staff bears the inscription: 'J. A. McClelland to Hon. A. Lincoln, June, 1857,' and on a ferule, 'Presented to Rev. James Smith, D.D., late pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill., by the family of the late President Lincoln in memoriam of the high esteem in which he was held by him and them as their pastor and dear friend, 27th of April, 1868.' It was the will of President Lincoln that on the death of Dr. Smith the staff should go to Mr. Bright and in accordance with that desire the following is inserted in Dr. Smith's will 'I give, devise and bequeath unto John Bright, Esq., member of the British House of Commons, and to his heirs the gold mounted staff or cane which belonged to the deceased President Lincoln of the United States,

and presented to me by the deceased's widow, and family, as a mark of the President's respect, which staff is to be kept and used as an heirloom in the family of said John Bright as a token of the esteem which the late President felt for him because of his unwearied zeal and defense of the United States in suppressing the civil rebellion of the Southern States.'

Mr. Bright was the first English statesman to espouse the cause of the North. Twice in the year 1861 he delivered two important speeches in which he strongly advocated the cause of freedom for the oppressed. "There may be in persons in England who are jealous of those states. There may be men who dislike democracy and who hate a republic. There may be those whose sympathies warm towards the slave oligarchy of the South. But of this I am certain, that misrepresentation the most gross, or calumny, the most wicked can sever the tie which unites the great mass of the people of this country with their friends and brethren beyond the Atlantic. Now whether the Union will be restored or not or the South achieve an unhonorable independence or not, I know not and I predict not, but this I know that in a few years, a very few years, the twenty millions of freemen in the North will be thirty millions or even fifty millions. When that time comes I pray that it may not be said among them that in the darkest hour of their country's trial England the land of their fathers looked on with icy coldness and saw unmoved the perils and calamities of their children. As for me I have but this to say, I am but one in this audience and but one in the citizenship of this country. But if all other tongues are silent mine shall speak for that policy which gives hope to the bondsmen of the South and which tends to generous thought and generous words and generous deeds between the two great nations, who speak the English language and from their origin are alike entitled to the English name."

Besides enjoying the mutual friendship and esteem of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Bright was also the recipient of a resolution of thanks from the New York Chamber of Commerce for his defense of the course of Mr. Lincoln. Both men were selected by their fellow countrymen to bear the same distinguished title in life. To the men of the North President Lincoln was known as "Honest Abe," while to the working classes of England Mr. Bright was known as "Honest John." Thus they were one in the hearts of their countrymen and one in those ties of mutual admiration and friendship which tend to unite the destinies of two great nations in the confidence of mutual brotherhood and devotion.—C. H. Hands, Minister, Christian Church, Athens, Ill.

